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# A FIELD COURSE IN MISSIONS

BY THE BISHOP OF ASHEVILLE  
AND EIGHT THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS



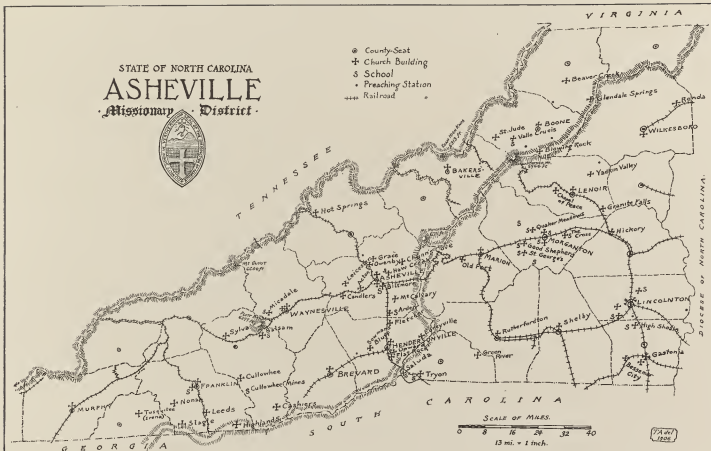
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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA  
**ASHEVILLE**  
 Missionary District



- ⊙ County-Seat
- ✝ Church Building
- Ⓢ School
- ✙ Preaching Station
- ++++ Railroad



Printed 1908

## District of Asheville

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THE Missionary District of Asheville includes that portion of the State of North Carolina lying west of the eastern boundaries of the counties of Allegheny, Wilkes, Alexander, Catawba, Lincoln and Gaston. It has an area of 11,710 square miles and a population of 428,000 people.

These highlanders are for the most part Scotch-Irish in ancestry, and living here on the highest portion of the Appalachian mountains, have possessed the many noble characteristics of their ancestors.

They need most of all, along with religious teaching, some kind of industrial training. This feature of the work in the district is emphasized by the Bishop. More and better equipped schools are greatly needed; 1,231 children were enrolled in the parish and mission day-schools in the year 1906. The Sunday-school scholars numbered 2,841. The contributions within the district amounted to \$33,243 82. This is more than 60 per cent. of the annual expenses of the mountain work. The people are liberal with what they have, but they need much training, and help in this way now will bring a rich harvest for the Church in the future.



THE RIGHT REVEREND JUNIUS M. HORNER, D.D.,  
BISHOP OF ASHEVILLE



A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME

## A FIELD COURSE IN MISSIONS

BY THE BISHOP OF ASHEVILLE  
AND EIGHT THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS

SUCH is the somewhat fanciful title which might be given to this account of a summer spent by eight students from the General Theological Seminary, New York City, in the Missionary District of Asheville. As the plan was a new one, notes by the students, together with the Bishop of Asheville's comment upon it, may be of interest.

The idea was Bishop Horner's. He visited the seminary in December, 1905, and in an address to the students assembled in chapel, proposed that a number of the men, about six, spend their summer in the district of Asheville gaining a practical insight into real missionary life, to the end that they might be able to determine more intelligently the question of their own vocation to the mission field. As to financing the project, that, the bishop said, must be cared for by the students who "elected" the

course; there was no available fund at his disposal.

The bishop's proposal was well received by the student-body, and definite steps toward effecting it were at once taken by two students who had spent the previous summer at work in the district of Asheville, and who knew how valuable an experience this would be.

During the next four months eight men offered themselves—two more than Bishop Horner had specified. Places were easily found for all; indeed, as it was, the requests of three missionaries for assistance could not be supplied. Meanwhile, the necessary funds were being collected. Most of the required amount was subscribed by New York City churches through their rectors, the remainder by individuals and special offerings.

By the middle of June the eight students were at work. Three of the men

formed what we called "The Flying Squadron," moving from point to point through the twenty-seven western counties of North Carolina, holding "missions" under the direction of the priests in charge of the various stations. Twelve of these "missions" were held, each lasting from two to six days, with sometimes three services a day. The "squadron" had also a headquarters at Wilkesboro, where regular services were held throughout the summer by each member of the group as it became his week to take charge there. These three men visited sixteen different stations during the summer, and held 137 services.

A second group of three composed the Cherokee-Clay Counties Associate Mission. This group had to care for six mission stations, scattered over two counties. The distances between the points were so great, and the mountain roads were so desperately bad, that the six places could not be covered every Sunday. This fact became apparent at once, and the policy of intensive work at three stations, with visits to the remaining three as frequently as possible, was adopted. One man was stationed at Murphy, a typical Southern small town; and sixty-five services were held in the beautiful little church there. He also held the first Episcopal service in Andrews, sixteen miles from Murphy. A second man was in charge at Hayesville, the sleepy little county seat of Clay County, reached by mail-hack from Murphy. The distance is sixteen miles and it takes six hours to make the trip.

Here and at two outlying settlements—Elf and Shooting Creek, five and ten miles from Hayesville—fourteen services were held. The third man was in charge at Irena, on Tusquittee Creek, ten miles from Hayesville and twenty-six miles from Murphy. Thirty-four services were held here in the rough little chapel, and the mountaineers walked from one to five miles from their homes back in the coves to attend. Statistics are sometimes misleading, and the statement that the three students forming this Associate Mission held 114 services and assisted at sixteen, with a total attendance of nearly 4,000, gives an incomplete idea of what was done. The pastoral side of the work was emphasized. They tried, by living with and "upon" the people, to disarm their prejudice against the Church, and to break down their suspicions of her motives. The controlling idea in this work was that foundations had to be laid among people indifferent or hostile to the Church, upon which a priest—as yet unsecured—could most readily build up a strong work. The chief aim was to make real friends for the Church.

The remaining two men worked separately, one as assistant to the priest in charge of the Waynesville associate missions, and the other in charge of Highlands, under the direction of the rector of the Franklin associate missions. Highlands is an important point, especially in summer, and it has, in addition, two mountain stations connected with it.

## A TYPICAL WEEK WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON

I was in Wilkesboro, our headquarters, and the others were in Ashe County conducting a "mission," when word came from the bishop showing an itinerary he wanted us to cover. So early Monday morning I started through the driving rain for Blackstone, twenty miles away. My driver, a tall colored boy, said we would have to take the ridge road—which was longer—as it would be impos-

sible to cross the fords on the river road. This road was none too good, however, as every now and then the wheels on either side would sink to the hubs in some mudhole, spattering us generously with sticky red mud. About three o'clock we reached our destination. Here I well-nigh disgraced myself before my hostess by giving way to an almost irresistible desire to shout for glee, as we

sat down to the big, round dining-table, whose centre revolved, presenting in turn each dish. I had pictured such a table and longed for it as a boy, and at last here it was!

That night the service was well attended in the little Methodist meeting-house—the only available place—and there was also a good attendance the

gated-sectarian town, with its 800 people and nearly a dozen meeting-houses and “preachers,” I held service in the little church that night, and Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, visiting among the people and closing with Sunday-school and service Sunday morning.

As there was no organ in the little



“SIXTEEN MILES—AND IT TOOK SIX HOURS”

next morning and evening, though where the people came from was a mystery, as less than half-a-dozen buildings made up the little hamlet.

Next morning I was on the road again, riding sixteen miles over excruciating roads, behind a pair of big, lazy mules, to the pretty mountain town of Lenoir. Here I held service that night and the following morning in the lovely little parish church with its beautiful reredos painting and carved altar, and the exquisite carved lettering and numbers on the hymn boards—all the work of the artist-priest, Dr. Oertel.

Thursday afternoon I was on the move again, this time by train to Granite Falls, eleven miles below. In this varie-

gated-sectarian town, which had only recently been built, the Sanctified Methodists, whose place of meeting was near by, loaned us theirs, and the men carried it back and forth as it was needed. One of the Sanctified Methodist women played for two of the services, and the congregation was composed of many kinds of sectarians.

Sunday afternoon I drove nine miles again down to Hickory, where another member of our party joined us, and together we held the evening service in the parish church. In eight days I had been in five different places, conducted or taken part in sixteen services, and made fourteen addresses. But it was a glorious week.

SAMUEL C. FISH.



HERE ONE HUNDRED ATTENDED THE MISSION EACH NIGHT

## A SIX DAYS' MISSION AT BEAVER CRÉEK

Under the direction of the priest-in-charge of the Valle Crucis Associate Mission, two members of the "flying squadron" held an interesting six days' mission in this community, in the new chapel, St. Mary's, which was recently built through the untiring efforts of the few Church members there.

It was in this place, ten years ago, that a bishop of the Church was forcibly prevented from holding service in a schoolhouse which had been leased for that purpose. In spite of the opposition he encountered, the service was conducted on the porch of a neighboring house, kindly offered for the occasion through the generosity of a member of the Methodist Church. For several years past, however, and especially during the mission, the services not only have been held without disturbance, but many of those formerly bitterly opposed to the Church were well represented at the services.

The services during the mission were

begun on Sunday—Morning Prayer, Holy Eucharist and sermon, an afternoon service for children, and Evening Prayer and sermon at night. During the remainder of the week two services were held daily, the children's service in the afternoon and the night service, which was a shortened form of Evening Prayer, with a sermon of generous proportions; for such congregations are better instructed by word of mouth than through tracts and religious literature. Every morning was spent by the two seminarians going about the community within a radius of three or four miles, making house-to-house visits. The district school, which was in session at the time was visited, and a cordial invitation extended to the children to attend the children's services which were held immediately after the close of school. As a result, these services were well attended, the children entering heartily into them and learning the simple catechism readily and thoroughly. The attendance at

night averaged over one hundred for each of the last three nights, a good majority of the congregations being men.

In many respects this was one of the most encouraging of all the twelve missions held during the summer, not so much for what was actually done at the time, but for the indications of interest shown toward the Church, and an appar-

ent desire to know more about her on the part of so many who had at one time violently opposed her.

It is from such places as this, where the Church has won a hearing, that the cry goes out for men to carry the message to people who want her and what she has to give.

J. NORTON ATKINS.



"A ROUGH LOG CABIN CONSISTING OF ONE ROOM TWELVE FEET SQUARE"

## A PAROCHIAL CALL IN THE MOUNTAINS

Near the junction of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, among the mountain peaks which furnish some of the finest scenery this country can produce, I was stationed this summer. The mountaineers with whom I had to deal were, in the main, owing to the summer visitors that have come to that section of the mountains, a more refined and more educated class than one meets ordinarily. Still, according to our ideas, their lives are decidedly crude, primarily from lack of education. The county schools, open at the most three months in the year, situated many miles apart and poorly taught, produce small results.

One is particularly struck by the way the poorer mountaineers live. I visited one place where there are eight in the

family, five grown up, and all living in a rough log cabin, consisting of one room about twelve feet square. They have plenty of land and plenty of lumber, but are quite content with their one room. About half a mile away a family of thirteen, comprising three generations, live in a cabin of the same size.

At another cabin where I called and which had two rooms, I was invited into the larger room and given one of the two chairs the house afforded. The lady of the house had the other, and we sat in a narrow alley between two great beds which filled up the rest of the room. Five children, aged from three to fourteen, sprawled over the beds. Chickens walked around the floor and pecked at

my shoes, and an old sow looked in at the door. The woman and all the children were chewing tobacco; a habit which, together with dipping snuff, the mountaineers—girls included—acquire in their babyhood.

The conversation developed a fact significant of their need of the Church's teaching—that the woman had been much attracted by the teachings of a local preacher, who had told her that if she became properly converted, she could not sin afterward. This belief, extraor-

dinary as it is and subversive of all morality, is very common in the mountains. It is the central point in the doctrine of the so-called "holiness" sect, and is implied and often explicitly stated in the teaching of a great many mountain preachers.

The mountaineers are asking for education. The state cannot, with its meagre resources, give it to them. The mountaineers are also seeking the Truth. The Church can give them both.

A. S. LAWRENCE.



ONE OF THE WAYNESVILLE MISSIONS

## THE WAYNESVILLE ASSOCIATE MISSION

A summer's experience in an associate mission is a thing worth while. It was my good fortune this summer to see something of the life at one of the outposts of the army of Christ.

This particular outpost was the Waynesville Associate Mission in the mountains of North Carolina. Our commander was the priest at Waynesville, the Rev. T. G. Sutherland, and our force consisted of four schoolteachers and seven lay-readers. Ordinarily there are two priests in this field, one for work

near Waynesville, and the other for the outlying stations.

The mission includes the following stations: Grace Church in the Mountains, the parish church at Waynesville; St. Michael's, Waynesville, for the colored population; St. Mary's, Micadale, three miles from Waynesville; St. Peter's, Balsam, twelve miles from Waynesville; St. John's, Sylva, sixteen miles beyond Balsam; St. David's, Cullowhee, eleven miles from the railroad; Cullowhee Mines, eight miles further

into the mountains; Church of the Messiah, Murphy. Murphy is only eighty-five miles from Waynesville, a five hours' ride by train.

The priest goes about celebrating the Eucharist and baptizing, preaching and teaching, from place to place, dividing his time as best he can. He has general oversight and direction of the entire work. The teachers have schools connected with some of the stations. At the present time there are schools at the Micadale and Balsam missions.

Each mission has a lay-reader, with whom the priest keeps in constant touch. These men are most faithful in conducting the Church's offices and gathering her children into the Sunday-schools.

Variety is the chief characteristic of this mission field. Each mission has its own distinguishing feature. See how the work differs. At Waynesville a parish church and a mission for the colored people; a village church at Sylva; a logging community at Balsam; a mountaineer congregation at Balsam. At Cullowhee there is a farming community and at Cullowhee Mines we carry the Church to those who toil beneath the soil.

What is the Church accomplishing?

## A MODERN MAN FROM MACEDONIA

I admit that I did not recognize him at first, because I looked at him through the eyes of his neighbors, and therefore saw only the farmer, cattleman, trader and ex-runner of blockade liquor, always rough and uncouth, and sometimes profane. A little matter that concerned some fractious calves, the telling of which would unnecessarily lengthen the story, brought us closer together, and I saw that my man was not the materialistic being I had at first imagined. I became convinced that he assumed the character in order the more successfully to win a living from an unwilling world. When he had the time to be himself he was a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. This is not said to disparage the man, for his dreams and visions con-

Let the following case be the answer: The Micadale mission has been in operation for about fifteen years. One of the first scholars was a young man, an ordinary mountain lad with no education. He entered St. Mary's and studied for seven months, when he was forced to give up and return to work. Seven months! Just long enough to learn something of the "three Rs." Think of entering life with seven months' education! Nevertheless, in that short time the Church did something for that boy, for to-day he is a section boss for the railroad, owns a general store, has a farm of about one hundred acres on which he supports four other families, has \$5,000 laid aside for the education of his children, and is the most respected man on his mountain. That man is a leader in his community, politically and religiously. It was through him that the work on the Balsam began, and the Balsam to-day is the most promising field in that district. See what seven months' education and the Christian ideal did for one man! Now, through him, the Church is reaching hundreds more. There are some who do not keep their talents wrapped in a napkin. J. C. H. SAUERHIEF.

cerned the religious and intellectual uplift of an entire county. Will his dreams ever be realized? That depends very largely upon what the readers of this story think and do about the matter.

Let me give the substance of a conversation I had with him one night as we sat before the fire in his rough cabin home. He spoke first of his own pitiful ignorance. He had been able to obtain just one week's schooling in his boyhood, and during that short week had somehow managed to learn the multiplication table. For this knowledge he felt very thankful, and wondered what he would have done without it. Always there had been a battle against poverty, which he unhesitatingly ascribed to ignorance. By making as much as pos-

sible of his natural wit, he had succeeded in acquiring a little money, but the memory of the fight was too bitter to describe. Now he feared for his children. Must they too go through the world as terribly handicapped as himself? The district school? Almost useless. Open only four months of the year,

Church put a school into the valley? The people would oppose it of course, because they don't understand the 'Piscopals, but they would quit as soon as they see that you-all want to help their children. Can't you-all come down here and help us? There ain't nobody else can." Surely this was a Man from



A GROUP OF MOUNTAIN BOYS

and the teachers but poorly trained and unable to impart what they do not possess. There were others to be thought of beside his own children. In the valley there were 500 children growing up in ignorance. "Wont the 'Piscopal

Macedonia. And why not help them? The only obstacle in the way is the lack of men and money. Mere talk about the Catholic Church doesn't help the Catholic Church to meet its opportunity.

J. ARTHUR GLASIER.

## A MOUNTAIN HEROINE

Going up through a magnificent forest of poplars, oaks and chestnuts—veritable woodland giants—in a mountain cove in Clay County, North Carolina, one comes suddenly upon a small cabin on the edge of a stony little pasture. It is one of the poorest of the mountain homes in that remote valley; the home of Mrs. Howard (let us call her), whom the peo-

ple thereabouts know as "the widow." When I first called there the two boys fled out of sheer bashfulness, leaving their mother and the little girl to do the honors.

"Have a cheer," said Mrs. Howard, motioning me to one of the three aged chairs, oak-split-bottomed and stubby-legged, which stood near the doorway.



"FETCHIN' FLOUR FROM THE MILL"

Then, after bidding her daughter "go and fetch Bill and Jim," she seated herself also, and we had a long talk, although very frequently she had to stop and "shoo" the chickens and cats out of the house with great ado—after which they would placidly wander in again.

After her husband's death Mrs. Howard came here from "over the gap" to be near her father's home. The children were "not right stout," and she had nearly lost two of them with typhoid fever; indeed, she had only barely saved one from being buried alive by over-zealous neighbors. Here she had had a long struggle in absolute poverty; her children are not big enough nor strong enough to help her do much farm work, so they set out bravely to pick herbs in the woods, for a bare livelihood. Two or three times recently, she said, she had come unpleasantly close to a "rattler," so that now she often stayed at home for weeks rather than have another "lick out its tongue" at her. The Rev. Mr. Deal, our pioneer missionary in these parts, had given her a Prayer Book, and Bill, she said, who had picked up reading all by himself, would spend hours over it. "Sometimes he climbs up thar' into the loft, and reads it aloud to his-self; but you can't get him to read it 'fore strangers. No, sir, he wont read it out loud even 'fore me."

As I looked at Mrs. Howard—thin and frail in her often-patched clothing and poor apologies for shoes—and saw her cheery face and hopeful manner; when she told me that during the winter, a year ago, she had taken her children and small nieces and nephews, and had tried to teach them the Church Catechism, I knew that this woman was not only a heroine, but the truest kind of a missionary as well. I knew that her efforts had been really blessed, for it seemed as if there was something of refinement about the children who had come under this good woman's influence, more than one generally sees in the mountains.

While we were talking the two boys had approached timidly, and sat outside on the porch; they could not be prevailed upon to come in, and "Bill" hung his head and wouldn't even look around. Mrs. Howard went over to the fireplace and stirred at a caldron which rested on the smoldering embers. "It's a cholera mixture for the hawgs," she said, "cholera's been powerful bad this year. An old woman over on Shooting Creek taught me to make this. It was right smart o' years ago she died. I remember some people used to say she was a witch, but," turning to me, "I never believed it, 'pears to me like there ain't no such thing, nohow."

The children had tried hard to go to

school that summer, but it was a tramp of over four miles and the rains had been bad that year. Indeed, after some of the harder rains school children often endanger their lives getting home up the swollen streams, where perhaps "footlogs" are carried away and the trail obliterated.

"I hope you'uns 'll come again next

year," was Mrs. Howard's message after we had finished our work on the Tusquitee. I hope everyone who reads this will remember her wish, for she is one of many who are asking for the Church's care. She is duplicated to a greater or less degree in the lives of hundreds of mountain women in the South.

THEODORE ANDREWS.

## THE WORK AT MURPHY

In the foregoing accounts appear several phases of the work done by the eight embryo missionaries. But the tale would be incomplete without some reference to another phase of work, also typical of the South—the Church in the small town. Such a town is Murphy, the county-seat of Cherokee County, the terminus of two railroad branches, with a population of about 700. The situation here is briefly told. The Church, in the person of brave Father Prout, of

have occurred; three priests have come, only to move away after a brief stay at the call of more primitive work which there was no one else to answer. Today Murphy is down in the journal of the district as a member of the Waynesville group of missions, under the care of their rector, who lives eighty-five miles away, at Waynesville, where alone he has enough to keep two men busy. One of the former priests-in-charge built a beautiful little church, and here one of the



THE ROADS WERE DESPERATELY BAD

the old Valle Crucis Mission, entered the hamlet fifty years ago. He built a rude chapel, and moved on. Since then intermittent periods of activity, alternating with stagnation and retrogression,

students conducted services, trying to minister to the little band of brave, faithful soldiers; helping them to hold the fort until from somewhere someone shall come to take permanent charge and

lead them in the positive, aggressive fight which they are longing to make and cannot—just for the lack of a priest-in-charge!

The situation does not seem particularly interesting or encouraging, does it? It is neither. Only those who prefer a stern chase to one upon even terms would be attracted to this work. Why speak of it then, since it is neither interesting nor encouraging? For just one reason: in the hope that even to some very slight extent the attention of some few in the Church at large may be drawn to the needs of the Church in the South, to the end that the stern chase be speedily taken up. For the condition at Murphy is typical of hundreds

of small towns throughout all the southern dioceses. When the wave of emigration swept westward from the coast a century ago, the body of it struck the mountains, and the foam, in the shape of the Boones, the Houstons and their followers, dashed over into the Mississippi valley and the Southwest. In the wave and in the foam were zealous Methodist and Baptist preachers—our Church sent no one. Sixty years later she started; sixty years behind. Now she is gaining, but her strength in men and money is shamefully inadequate. She needs the presence and the prayers of men and women who are *in earnest*; who are *eager* for the long, stern chase. MALCOLM S. TAYLOR.

### THE BISHOP'S COMMENT

Summer is the most satisfactory season of the year for doing Church work, as well as other kinds of work, in the mountains of North Carolina. The climate is cool and bracing, and much exertion, physical and mental, can be made without fatigue.

Through the generosity of a few Churchmen in New York, eight students from the seminary were enabled to offer me their services last summer for missionary work in the district of Asheville. I gladly accepted the offer.

Two of the young men were placed under the direction of two of our missionaries, and the other six worked under the direction of the bishop in two groups of three each.

The most satisfactory relationships, whether commercial, ethical or spiritual, are those that are mutually beneficial. Judged by such a standard, the ministrations of these young men were most gratifying. The students, I feel quite sure, were benefited by their experience, and I had voluntary testimony on all sides that they had done excellent and most acceptable work among our mountain people. Many wanted assurances that they would be sent again.

Their youthful enthusiasm was refreshing in some of the quiet, lonely mountain fastnesses. They showed

themselves wonderfully acceptable, and the people were appreciative and seemed to feel that these young men had come from the city because they wanted to be of them and to help them.

I made it a special point to visit the missions where they were ministering before the time came for them to return to the seminary, and I am delighted with the result of this summer vacation work, and hope to have them return.

It is interesting to have an account from these young missionaries of their experiences among a people who were not long since strangers and strange to them. They made a deep impress and their work will be remembered, I am sure, until they come again, if they do not tarry too long.

I am satisfied that as medical students are required to take a course in some hospital, if possible, before they are considered fully equipped for their life work, so should theological students have an experience training in some mission field as part of their preparation for the full ministry of the Church.

I can offer a field for many of them each year, and I commend the plan to other missionary bishops.

JUNIUS M. HORNER,  
Bishop of Asheville.

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